Volume LXX CHICAGO, OCTOBER 17, 1912 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE FACTORIES

I have shut my little sister in from life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair),
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air;
I who ranged the meadow-lands, free from sun to sun,
Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly,
I have bound my sister till her playing-time is done—
Oh, my little sister, was it I?—was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark),
Shut from love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,
How shall she pass scathless through the sin-lit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,
I have put my sister in her mating-time away—
Sister, my young sister—was it I?—was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),
Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest:
How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?
I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,
I against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—
God of life—Creator! It was I! It was I!

Margaret Widdemer,
In McClure's Magazine, September, 1912

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FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, PRINCIPAL

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1912. NUMBER 7.

CONQUERED.

Lift up thy gates, O my heart,—
Let the proud victor come in,—
Who fought the brave battle for love,
Who won when none other could win.

Strong were the ramparts I raised,—
Many fell back in dismay,—
He, with the sandals of Hope,
Scaled them,—the first in the fray;

Singly he stood on the heights,
Stormed the portcullis of Pride,
Leaped the broad moat of Disdain,
Triumphantly stood at my side!

Then lift up thy gates, O my heart,—
Let the dear victor come in,—
Twine the bay wreath for his brow
Who won when none other could win.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Those weary of the partisan agitations and the promises of the millenium in United States politics, when their favorite candidate is elected, may rest themselves by the study of a calm and deliberate presentation of the Short Ballot movement in Illinois, which is found in an attractive pamphlet, published by the City Club, 315 Plymouth Court, the same being the careful report of a competent committee upon the subject. This report shows some thirty officers to be elected on the ballot of Chicago, November next, whereas on the short ballot proposed, eight or nine candidates would suffice.

Dr. C. M. Stuart, the effective, progressive and consecrated head of the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., was "denounced" last Sunday by an evangelist because at the recent Rock River Methodist Conference the learned doctor threw some discredit upon the Bible story of a creation of six days of twenty-four hours each, a distrust of the rib origin of woman, the deluge and the Red Sea stories. Says this valiant evangelist: "A rejection of these Old Testament stories swept away at one stroke the entire Bible, for in the New Testament both Jesus Christ and the Apostles make use of these inspired records to illustrate the great fundamental truths of the Gospel." The brother continues: "Is it any wonder that the belief in modern Spiritualism, Christian science, New Thought, Pantheism, and infidelity in its various forms, is spreading like wildfire in these modern times, when the Word of God is discredited by those whom the world has supposed stood firmly in its defense?" Perhaps it is the evangelist and not Dr. Stuart that is promoting these "infidelities."

These ante-election weeks are trying, not only to the sanity of the individual soul but to the sanity of the community. It is hard for the most philosophic to preserve the philosophic poise, and the attendant ethical love of justice. So inflammable is the literature, and so charged with personalities is the rhetoric and the appeal of even those high up in the campaign. ——— We had got so far in formulating an editorial note which we fear would have ended with a discouraging note, when the mail brought at the critical moment this word from one whose fame for scholarship is world-wide, and whose judgment we, in common with a multitude of thinking and cultured people, greatly respect:

"The present social unrest, as we know, is not a new thing. Such movements have appeared from time to time in the world. Their issue depends on the character of the people, and a hope for a happy conclusion is based on the intellectual and moral cultivation of the people. In times of popular excitement demagogues come to the front; Renan has amazingly satarized this tendency in 'Caliban.' The condition in this country is by no means hopeless; we shall swim, whoever may be elected, but there is room for choice among parties and candidates."

The women allies of Woodrow Wilson have perfected an organization in Chicago and have put forth a confession of faith of their own which contains eleven articles, two of them at least startling in their uniqueness. Here they are:

"We believe philanthropy is a Trust."

"We believe this Trust is more insidious than any other."

Mrs. Charles Henrotin, speaking for these planks, further continues the shock when she says: "Any party which attracts philanthropists is not wholesome. I feel at this time that the weakness of many political organizations should be disclosed. There is just as great a Trust in organized charitable work as in anything else in the world. I know because I have been in it, and no one knows of the cruelty of being subjected to a long line of persons, working for themselves, in the name of philanthropy." What next! Let not Mrs. Henrotin's sharp words be passed over too lightly. Self-seeking in the realm of disinterestedness is to be deplored.

"The Superstition of Drink" is the title of an interesting and searching editorial comment in the *Literary Digest* on a more careful and prolonged study of the same subect in the July number of the *American Journal of Sociology,* from the pen of that tireless apostle

of sobriety, the Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker, who is now sojourning for a while at Redlands, California. We would be glad to publish a more extended notice of this article which touches one of the most vital and perhaps difficult points in the work of sobering up the world, that of "treating"; the psychology of which reaches back into the superstition that stimulants are life givers, and are allied to not only good cheer but good living. If the treating superstition could be exploded, and the vicious practice discontinued, a large percentage of the saloons would necessarily go out of business for want of a paying trade. The man who "takes his own glass and then stops," or, that Prince of Egotists, who thinks he "knows when he has had enough" form no adequate constituency for the prosperous saloon.

The Central Howard Association, with headquarters at 312 South Dearborn street, is a modest, comparatively obscure organization, with an indefinite title, but we have often reminded our readers of its high aims, opportunities, and the good work accomplished. It is committed to lend the helping hand to the man who comes out of prison gates, and no one more needs the welcoming hand; for in our clumsy method of protecting society, or of "reforming the convict," we undoubtedly undermine the virility of the man and weaken the muscles of the will. For this reason we are glad to call attention to the fact that October 27 is put down as "Prison Sunday" by these workers, and it is hoped that ministers, each in his own way, will call attention to the fact and bring this neglected cause to the forefront. F. Emory Lyon, the Superintendent, is a man well known among social workers in Chicago. "Who Is My Neighbor?" is the title of a little sheet which is published in the interest of this work. Copies of the same can doubtless be secured by addressing the superintendent at 312 South Dearborn street, Chicago.

J. Keir Hardie, M. P., a leader of the Independent Labor Party in England, recently addressed the City Club of Chicago. A report of his speech appears in the bulletin of that club for October 12, and it makes stimulating reading. "The Rise, Growth and Outlook of the Labor Party" was set forth with forcible clearness as might be expected, and the address closed with some interesting prophecies of what will happen when the Socialist, Radical Liberal party, and the Labor party, agumented by the Suffragettes, who he says are a big element in British politics at this moment, join forces, probably with Lloyd George as leader. He tells us, what the peace advocates and agitators are slow in remembering, that the "Labor parties are against war in all its forms and in all its aspects; not merely against war because of its horrors, but against militarism because of the hateful, harsh spirit which necessarily accompanies it.

But the ruling governing classes of Germany equally with Great Britain know that without *militarism they would be at the mercy of the working people.* So they seek to build up more navies and more armies to perpetuate feuds between the peoples, and to keep the attention of the working class diverted from itself and its own wrongs and concentrated upon war, one with the other.

We have spoken in another note of the utterance of J. Keir Hardie at a recent meeting of the City Club of Chicago, concerning the attitude of the Labor Party toward the peace movement. We are glad to come upon an unintentional corroboration of his words in so calm and judicial a journal as the *Inquirer,* an organ of English Unitarianism. This journal, speaking editorially, says:

It is true that inflammatory articles in the newspapers have created short gusts of popular passion, but at heart the mass of the people in England and Germany desire cordial and lasting friendship, and know that all their interests, financial, social and religious, are bound up with the cause of peace.

This conviction has been confirmed by the cordial reception given to the party of Labor members of Parliament which visited South Germany last week. At Munich a banquet was held in their honor, and the Bürgermeister spoke in the highest terms of the debt which the people of Bavaria owed to Great Britain, especially in the sphere of self-government. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, he said, Bavaria had made Great Britain her model in political and constitutional progress. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in the course of his reply, said that he and his colleagues had come on a pilgrimage after knowledge, and on a crusade of peace. The quest after the material products of a nation, he added, might conceivably lead to quarrels, the quest after its intellectual products led only to peace. Germany had annexed Shakespeare, but that annexation had caused no war. Similarly, thanks largely to Carlyle, Great Britain was annexing Goethe, but Germany sent no Dreadnought up the Thames to protest against that appropriation.

In these days when there is so much ungracious "slamming" of candidates by opponents, it is well to stop once in a while to count the profitable assets that can be charged up to each of the three leading candidates. None of them are as bad as their opponents portray. All of them have at heart the well being of the nation and all of them have a very considerable, perchance remarkable, list of achievements to be put down on the credit side of the account. Just now we have a list of credits to Governor Wilson, the things that he has really done since he has been Governor of New Jersey; a state none too progressive, not eminent, to say the least, for the purity of its politics or the courage of its leaders. If this list is true it is one that all people, political enemies as well as friends, will rejoice in seeing. New Jersey, during his term as governor enacted legislation limiting the hours of labor for women; prohibited the employment of children in mercantile establishments during school hours; providing protection for workers in factories and workshops; eliminating contract labor in penal institutions

and providing for a state-use system; comprehensive employers' liability and compensation for personal injuries; increasing and extending factory inspection laws; establishing the eight-hour work day on state, county and municipal work; establishing free dental clinics; licensing and regulating employment agencies; scientific poor laws; progressive indeterminate sentence act; ameliorating the condition of the blind; establishing special classes for children below normal; conserving the public health; dealing with juvenile delinquency and domestic relations; and many others of a distinctly social character.

The program of the Joint Conference of the Unitarians and Universalists of Michigan is before us, but the meeting itself will have transpired before this issue reaches our readers. The program for the Wisconsin Joint Convention is also before us. This meeting, as previously announced, will be held in the Unitarian Church of Madison, Wisconsin. Beginning on Thursday afternoon, October 24th, there will be a meeting at 2:30 and at 4 p. m. at which Professor O'Shea will speak on Religious Education. At the evening session there will be a discussion and open meeting, addressed by the Rev. E. C. Smith, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, on "Our Missionary Motive"; Richard Lloyd Jones, Madison, on "Practical Piety," and Rev. W. F. Greenman, on "Symbolism in Present-Day Religion." Friday at 11 a. m. there will be a sermon by the Rev. J. W. Carter, Racine. In the afternoon delegates will visit the new Capitol Building and State University. In the evening there will be a platform meeting, over which the Hon. J. B. Treat of Monroe will preside, and addresses will be given by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, and the Rev. T. B. Fisher, Northwestern Superintendent of the Universalists, on "Religion and Democracy." Saturday forenoon there will be a discussion of the Sunday School and other interests of the young people in the church. Wisconsin is alive and progressive, proud—may be over-proud—of its "advanced" position. No permanent progress can be achieved in politics, society, or business, that is not related to the fundamental inspirations of life, and that does not take note of the sanctities and the sanctifying forces of religion. This meeting ought to be largely attended, not only by the student body in Madison, but students, and workers with and for students, the state over.

The editorial table of a religious weekly, no matter of what denomination, or, no denomination, is a good point from which to take observations of theological happenings. Any one taking such reckoning must be greatly impressed with the steady trend of the churches, on all hands, out of the theological into the sociological interpretations of religion. Perhaps there is danger of taking the fundamentals of faith too much for granted; it is certainly true that in the recoil from the impossible doctrines and dogmas of an unscientific age, there is a tendency to shun philosophy and to distrust the interpretation of Bible texts and "ecclesiastical" history. But the universe ever presses upon the conscious life of the human, and it will demand interpretation. The growth of intelligence will give the soul courage to go as far as possible out on the lines of demonstrated truth, of verifiable science, of the wisdom based upon the observation and experience of the race, and when it reaches this outermost limit, then, like Victor Hugo's bird, the soul unfrightened will take to its wings. A postal card announcement from J. Morrison Darnell, pastor of the Universalist Church of Owatonna, Minnesota, shows that the people of that congregation had something to think about during the month of October. "From Christopher Columbus to William Howard Taft" was a good measure line of four hundred and twenty years. "Taking Jesus seriously" we suspect was an uncomfortable subject in Minnesota, as it is in Illinois. Lest the topics might not be sufficiently interpreted from the standpoint of the speaker and the line of the argument, the following suggestive note is crowded in, sent to his parishioners on the same penny postcard:

> "There was a young Galilean who tried to socialize the individualistic church of his day, and his utter failure was due to the fact that the business men of the community would not lift a finger to help him, not even to save him from a shameful death. The next decade is going to determine whether the business men of modern America are bigger and better than the tradesmen and taxgatherers of old Judea."

"Practical Education"

"Vocational" schools, "vocational" training, "vocational" secretaries, "vocational" commissions,—these are the latest words in pedagogy and sociology. We have before us a fourteen-page report to the Educational Committee of the Commercial Club of Chicago, submitted by Edwin T. Cooley, late superintendent of schools in Chicago. The report is based on an extended study abroad, whither Professor Cooley was sent for the express purpose of gathering material for this report. This pamphlet is accompanied by another containing a "proposed law" for the establishing of a system of Vocational schools for Illinois. This law is prepared and approved by the Educational Committees of four of the most prominent civic associations in the city. Both the report and the law is devoted to the consideration of more industrial and technical education that will insure the boy and girl a more certain livelihood. That there is need of such a movement is enforced by the special investigations and experiences of the organized attempt, led in Chicago perhaps by

the Woman's Club and the School of Civics and Philanthropy. This movement undertakes to find work for the boys and girls who have from necessity or from choice closed their school days, and by the same conditions are compelled to provide for their own livelihood. These "Vocational Workers," of which there are four or more who work in conjunction with a central desk at the School of Civics and Philanthropy, find not so much difficulty in finding employers who are willing to give the boys and girls in question a chance, as in finding boys and girls who are qualified to take the chances that promises both support and growth. They are so incapacitated by the absence of any specialized training that all these vocational workers can do is to throw back the applicant into the hands of the school teachers, asking them to take them again, and fit them for life.

With a view of meeting this need, the Board of Education of the City of Chicago is providing increased advantages in evening schools, an outline of which privileges for 1912-13 is before us. Thirty grammar schools and three high schools are open for four evenings in the week, for two hours an evening. The work as outlined in this circular falls into three divisions: the teaching of English to foreign speaking people, chiefly adults, helping to complete the education of boys and girls who have been compelled to leave school before completing the regular course, and giving technical instruction in special subjects. These special subjects include sewing, millinery, cooking, book-keeping, stenography, typewriting, penmanship, electricity, chemistry, physics, physical education, etc.

All this is good, very good. The evidence found on every hand goes to show that there has been a painful, almost criminal, neglect of such training as is herein indicated, in the schools of America. But is there not danger of omitting something still more fundamental than hand-training, or preparation for special or expert work? "Trained muscle bespeaks a trained brain" is the oft repeated epigram of the technical trainer, but is not the reverse of the statement also true? Does not the disciplined mind make for efficiency wherever efficiency is wanted? James Freeman Clarke used to say that a knowledge of Sanskrit would make a better bootblack. After all, do not these vocational workers find the ultimate imbecility in a flabby mind, an unenkindled intellect, an uninteresting, uninterested heart. The adult emigrant and the youth thrown untimely out of school, may need help to acquire the English language, but the language when acquired is not worth much to a native or a foreigner unless it becomes a reservoir of power. The jack-plane, plumb-line and chisel can never take the place of the printed page and the kindling appeal of history. "Engineering" is a word with many qualifiers in these days,—mechanical, electrical, chemical, and civil engineering. All of them are good, but all of them will pall upon the spirit of the unintelligent. The old-fashioned humanities that inspired the college classes of the old schools have not been outgrown, and if they are neglected it will be at the peril of the practicalites of our nation. Poetry is as practical a pursuit as arithmetic, and a taste for the same as essential to the man of business, if he is to be a successful man, as a knowledge of percentage or the ability to work a "sum" in proportion.

There is nothing in the program of the Chicago Evening Schools to be omitted, but we believe some of the needs of the classes for which this program is prepared are sadly overlooked. There is no provision made for their introduction into the literature of power, as well as the literature of knowledge. A course of reading carried to an appreciation of the poetry of James Russell Lowell may do more for the foreign born lad than a course of instruction in electricity or penmanship. The universities, particularly those of the West, are being crowded with men who want to fit themselves for some special vocations in life. If there is no adequate provision either in their own arrangement or in the opportunities offered, to fit themselves for life, they will continue to turn out an increasing number of inefficient graduates. These universities pride themselves on going to the people, and their success is commendable. It is well for them to reach the farmer class with academic advice concerning silo building, alfalfa growing, butter and cheese making; but that does not keep the farmer boy on the farm, or the farmer's wife out of the asylum. In order to accomplish these desired ends they must go to the people with those things that touch the foundations of being. The joy of life is rooted in the companionship of the noble, the inspirations of the inspired, and nothing is inspiration that is not inspiring.

We need a revival of literature, a new zeal in the teaching of history and poetry, an awakened curiosity concerning cosmic things, and a new enthusiasm for humanity, if we are to make our boys and girls more practical, correct the coarseness of life, the selfishness of business, and the woman and child killing industries.

We commend to our pedagogues the wise saying of the man who said: "Give me a few of the luxuries of life and I will go without the necessities."

THE UNWRITTEN WORD.

Think you the sovereign message of the skies
  May not be written on the melting snow?
The law that Moses carried from the Mount
  Was broken into fragments long ago!

Not on a page of gold or shaft of stone
  The greatest poet laid His gentle hand—
The only words the Savior ever wrote
  He scribbed on a little drift of sand!

—*Aloysius Coll, in Lippincott's.*

THE PULPIT

LIGHT

A Sermon Preached by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE,
October 6, 1912

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE L. KELLY.

Prayer

Infinite One, we, the children of an hour, the occupants of a point in space, fleeting children of time, would fain find our kinship with Thee, the Eternal. We would realize, O Father, that we are part and parcel of that infinite universe which Thou dost pervade and which is the expression of Thy will, the embodiment of Thy law.

Father, we are weak and need some strong revealing of hope and comfort from above; Father, we are ignorant and need some illumination from Thee. Help us this morning to so study Thy message that the flooding rays of Thy light may reach us, teach us, quicken us and thus bring us nearer and ever nearer to Thee, the Ever-present, the Eternal potency, the never-failing Light of Love. Amen.

Sermon

"And God said Let there Be Light. And there was Light."—Gen. 1, 3.

He that would find the sermon of Light must be tutored of science. Its message is enforced in the revealments of the telescope and through the marvels of the microscope.

It is safe to start out with the assurance that we, in common with all living things from the minutest plant and the humblest worm to the sublimest intelligence and the noblest Savior known to man, are children of the sun, literally, born out of light; literally creations of its radiance, dependent upon its affluence.

He who would preach the sermon of light must know somewhat of the meaning and measure of the sun, the central source of all the energy that comes within the range of our conception, whether that energy be muscle or brain, whether it be the seed bursting into the wealth of the corn, or the babe ripening into the measures of the poet—all come from the sun. That sun that is one hundred and eight times greater in diameter than our earth. If our earth be represented by a globe one inch in diameter, we would need to set opposite it another globe nearly ten feet in diameter to represent the sun; this sun whose distance has been measured and is found to be ninety millions of miles away from here. If a cannon ball should be fired at this moment through the most forcible gun perfected by modern engineering, it must travel thirteen years through space before it would reach that luminary of light, but the ray of light which must ever travel hither makes the journey in eight minutes and eighteen seconds. This little earth home of ours spins through space at the rate of sixty-six thousand miles an hour, this makes eleven hundred miles a minute and eighteen and one-third miles per second, but the light outspeeds it and travels its one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a minute.

Light is known to us chiefly through the eye and it is measured by its vibrations. Could we agitate the air forty vibrations in a second, we would hear a low, musical tone. Could we multiply the vibrations to forty thousand in a second, we would reach the highest pitch that the ear can take any note of. But multiply the same agitations, increase the number of waves from forty thousand a second, where they become silent to the human ear, to four hundred and seventy-seven trillions per second, and the eye begins to hear and you see a red light. Increase these vibrations from four hundred and seventy-seven trillions in a second to six hundred and ninety-nine trillions, and you pass through the spectrum of color and reach the violet ray, after which it becomes dark again, the eye has lost reckoning.

In 1895 an obscure professor of the University of Wurtzburg caught the still higher vibrations, not by the witness of the ear or the eye, but by that more sensitized eye, the camera, and gave to the world the startling tidings of what he called the "X-ray," but a grateful world is wont to call it the "Roentgen" ray after the great and humble discoverer.

The eye then is but an optical instrument and very imperfect. A German professor has said that if an optician was to send to him an optical instrument as defective as the human eye, he would send it back with vigorous protest or reproach. Human ingenuity has greatly enlarged the power of this organ of vision which reaches its highest achievement, not in its power to report light, but in its wonderful adjustments to the vicissitudes of life. The vision of man is extended on the one hand through the telescope until, in the Yerkes telescope at Williams Bay it outreaches the limit of the human eye by thirty-six hundred diameters, or more, and on the other hand, the powers of the eye have been extended through the microscope until we can detect realities some four thousand diameters below that of the human eye. But when we are landed at the farthest reach of the telescope or the lowest reach of the microscope, we are still as much as ever in the boundless realms of darkness, assured that beyond the farthest reach of the increased eye there still are worlds to explore and minuter mysteries to discover.

The student in the realm of littleness is baffled by his failure to detect by the most delicate instruments the microbes that he is now persuaded produce the dreaded infantile paralysis; and the same humility strikes us when we think of the limitless space, for Lubbock estimates that our little "speck in space" is but one of eleven million luminous planets, and he tells us that the floor of heaven is thick with extinct planets, those who have lost the power of receiving or transmitting light—cinders in space.

The study of the eye means the study of human limitations. Gladstone started a theory which some scientists are inclined to credit, that even as late as Homer the human eye had not yet reached the capacity of discovering the blue tint in the sky, and after Gladstone put out the hint other scholars have looked farther, and they find that there is no suggestion in the Rig-veda, the old hymns of the Brahmins which are largely given to sky worship, of blue sky. Neither, it is claimed, is there any allusion to blue in the Zend-Avesta, the bible of the so-called "Sun Worshippers"; and the earlier Old Testament writers are said to be as innocent of the blue as are the writings of Homer. The eye is not only a defective mechanical contrivance, but it is a poorly used instrument, for we see only that which

we know. Hudson, in an article on the eye of the savage, calls attention to the fact that the savage only sees that which his experience develops. He tells how a scientist standing alongside of a South American Indian on one of the great plains of South America, tried to make out a speck on the horizon. The Indian said, "It is a horse," but the scientist, more skilled in the study of detail, ventured the opinion that it was a tree, and on arriving at the spot, they found that the man of science was more correct, it was a bush and not a horse.

It is said that the shepherd knows every one of his sheep, though the flock be counted by hundreds. The sailor can detect a ship or boat on the horizon that the landsman cannot see, but no untrained eye, no matter how highly skilled and acute, can discover the misplaced "ss" in a printer's proof, as the expert proofreader can most readily.

So studying the eye, the instrument of light, we find its palpable inadequacy and painful errancy, and at the same time, its marvelous adjustment.

A German philosopher asked the question, "Why has a man two eyes," and he gives the imagined answers. The artist, "In order that symmetry may be preserved and the beauty of the face may be balanced." The economist, "Man is given two eyes so that if one gives out, there will still be another for duty." The theologian, "Man is given two eyes that he may the more effectively weep over the sins of the world." But all this is brushed aside by the scientist, who tells us that man is given two eyes that he may be able to establish a perspective. In looking at an object at the same time from two slightly different angles, he is able to see its relative place in space. It was this nice adjustment which led the late Oliver Wendell Holmes to say some fifty years ago, that if a neighboring planet was going to swing near enough to the earth for a resident thereon to hail him and ask of him as he swept by for the greatest achievement yet reached by the earth man, Dr. Holmes said, without hesitation, he would hand to him a stereoscopic view and instrument. Had the good doctor lived to this day he would have found many other triumphs of man that would overshadow and outreach the marvel of the stereoscope, which enables us to see through the nice adjustment of camera and lens an object in relief; for here come the moving pictures and the telephone and the wireless telegraph, all of which indicate still more wonderfully the inroads made by the scientists into the measureless mysteries of a boundless world.

Light is such a present and imminent experience of man that we are not conscious of using it in a double sense. If ever the saying of Socrates was proven, it is when we come to study light, "The laws below are sisters of the laws above."

The Bible is full of light. It is a luminous book. I counted last night at least two hundred and fifty quotations in my Concordance in which light occupies the central position. There are one hundred and fifty passages in the Old Testament and over one hundred in the New Testament. The Book of Psalms is full of light, it cries out for the "light of His countenance"; the psalmist wants to "walk before God in light." He says, "The light is sown for the righteous." Isaiah sings of the people who have "seen a great light" and again he cries out in his agony that "We wait for the light." "Rise," he says, "shine for the light is come." The Book of Job is full of light; he speaks of those who "rebel against the light," and the New Testament would be a dark book indeed were it not flooded with light, and the writers, no more than ourselves, need try to distinguish whether a text applies to the light of the sun or to that light of the spirit which is truth that follows the analogy of the sun's rays and radiance. Jesus said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." John said of him, "In Him was light and the light was the life of man." Paul said, "Ye are the children of light," and the Book of Revelations sings of the "nations that are to walk in the light."

So, having taken the A, B, C lesson in the science of light, touched but the primer pages of the scientist, we have enough to serve our sermon purpose this morning.

The first and the persistent lesson of light is that of humility. Everything that we measure, whether by the eye or by the aid of telescope and microscope hints at our limitations, close-bordering all of our revealments.

When the Smeton lighthouse was first erected in the seventeenth century, over the dangerous rocks on English coast, the only light they could develop for forty years was tallow candle light ranged in a circle. Now we have an electric light off the coast of the United States that represents 6,000 candle power and which throws a ray that could be discovered one hundred miles away, but owing to the rotundity of the sea it only looms into sight twenty miles away. The vast stretches of the Atlantic are still silent and dark so far as any human can throw a ray athwart the stormy sea.

So forcible is this lesson of humility taught by the simplest chapters of science that the first mark of our ignorance is our cock-sure confidence in any theory of dogma or text that we may deal in. The first distinction between the dogmatist and the scientist is, the one is sure he knows, the other knows that he only knows relatively. The certitude of the theologian is abashed and rebuked by the hesitancy of science.

Let us see how the great Richter, in one of his classic "Dreams," brought home this lesson of humility in connection with light. He says:

"God called from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven and said, 'Come and see the glories of my kingdom,' and to the angels that stood around His throne He said, 'Strip from him his robes of flesh, cleanse his vision, put new breath into his nostrils, but touch not with change his human heart, the heart that weeps and trembles.' It was done, and with a mighty angel for his guide, without sound of farewell, they swept into infinite space. They passed through the Zaharras of darkness that divided worlds of light. They passed over thresholds that were quickening with prophetic motions from God. Now from distances counted only in heaven, light dawned as a shapeless film. By unutterable pace they pass the light, the light by unutterable pace passed them. The blaze of suns is upon them. The rush of planets is around them. Then eternities of twilight that reveal but were not revealed, beset them. On the right hand and on the left towered gigantic constellations, built into triumphal gateways that seemed ghostly from infinitudes. Without measure were the architraves; past number were the archways; beyond the memory the gates; above was below and below was above. Depths were swalled up in heights insurmountable. Height was swallowed in depths unfathomable. As thus they toiled over abysmal worlds there came a mighty cry that systems more mysterious, worlds more billowy, other heights, other depths, were coming, were nearing, were at hand.

"Then the man sighed, stopped, shuddered and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears as he cried, 'O, angel, I can go no farther. The spirit of man acheth with this infinity; insufferable is the glory of the universe. Let me lie down and hide in the grave from the revelations of the infinite, for end I see there is none! And the angel solemnly demanded, 'Is there indeed no end, is this the sorrow that kills?' And no voice answered. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End there is none to the universe of God. Lo, also, there is no beginning.'"

But this humility born out of this sense of infinitude leaves not the human prostrate; it quickens within him an increased, an ever-increasing sense of reality, a deep and ever-deepening sense of reverence, and when he confesses his ignorance he at least knows that it is not on account of the vacuity of the universe, but on account of the overwhelming fullness of creation. It is not something less than the ken of men, but something more than the outermost reach of the human mind and of the human eye.

It is only when the soul is adequately touched with humility, that it is able to receive the message, the ever-growing message which enlarges the sight and expands the foundations of human ignorance.

Had Galileo but come fifty years earlier, Copernicus need not have died a lonely exile, banished from the church and holding close to his heart the volume just issued containing the awful heresy, a heresy that was damned by the church, a heresy that declared that the sun and not the earth was the center of heavenly motion. Not by argument, nor by text or priest was the truth or the falsehood of this Copernican theory to be established, but when Galileo turned his leaden organ pipe to the sky which multiplied only eight diameters, the truth of Copernicus' assertion was established, the prophecy of Keppler was demonstrated. What the priests needed was not more texts, but a better eyepiece, what Copernicus failed to offer was not a mathematical argument, which he did to the satisfaction of scholars in all times, but the power of demonstration. The lesson of Copernicus is a lesson of all times. It is easy to bring this sermon down to date.

What is the instrument by which we can drive away some of the dark, dark clouds that overhang human life? How can we bring relief to the asphyxiated victims of rotten tenements? The unchallenged mandate is, "Let in the light!" Sure enough, all they need is light. Light is the greatest germicide yet known to the medical profession, but the light of the sun must be preceded in most cases by the light of the mind.

Why this agitation of things in Washington? Why this excitement about campaign funds? What is it that stirs the Senate committee down there? Why, it is simply letting in the light, and the remedy is more light! Once the light is let in, the sore is in process of healing, the sin is surely being removed.

You must have been touched, if you have read the daily papers these last two or three days, over the pathetic revealments that come to us from the merely spasmodic and, it is to be feared, transient letting in of a little light on what we call the "Red Light" district—you know red is the lowest ray that the human eye can reach, violet is the highest ray—perhaps somewhere between the red and the violet our District Attorney is letting in a little glimmer of light, for the poor victims who like frightened partridges are trying to escape and find shelter. It is not the "hardened sinner," it is the poor, weakened, debilitated human that we discover fleeing from these dens. It is not a fight that we have on our hands, it is simply a struggle for light; and if our city administration can only make that light in the Twenty-second street district perennial, make it so that its rays will be as certain and as sure and constant as the electric rays that now blind us to the moral darkness behind it, segregated vice will cease to be in this or any other city; it is only a question of light.

The books tell me one of the shortest sighted of animals is the armadillo of the South, and the serpent comes next. Most snakes can see not more than three feet away from the eye, we are told. But they are also "champion fasters"; they can go longer without nutriment, their habits are the most indolent, and so they have been adjusted to their conditions, they can wait patiently until the needed prey comes within reach of their coil, within the power of their spell.

Now, in morals we are still as sluggish as snakes and our country is burdened with political armadilloes, with formidable array of armament, plated to resist dangers from without, but blind to the resources and the dangers that are just beyond their reach.

"And the Lord said let there be light, and there was light!" In proportion as there is light the human is touched with reverence, worship begins when light dawns on the human eye; altars rise when there is vision. But altars grow tyrannical and stupid and dead in darkened chambers, however pious the name and holy the protection. It is a sad commentary on architecture, a more pathetic commentary on theology, that talks about the "dim religious light." A "dim, religious light" is an irreligious light; the piety that is fostered in ignorance and that is afraid to look through the telescope is impious; it denies the revelation offered, it refuses the inspiration within reach; it cuts the wires between the human heart and the infinite bounty.

Let in the light, O thou sinning soul, wrestling with appetite and with passion! Let in the light, O thou timid inquirer who tremblest for the sancities of religion in the presence of the electric lights of the twenieth century! Let in the light, ye distracted, careworn, task-laden, overworked man and woman, that you may see what things are more excellent and may rise to those heights whereon are shown sublime visions, the heavenly calm, the mountain places made radiant by the sun of truth, as well as by the central luminary of the universe.

Zoroaster, that sagacious old prophet of Persia, said that Angra-Mainyu, the evil divinity, acted before he thought, but Ahura Mazda, the wise divinity, thought before he acted, and so the conquest was sure to be with Ahura Mazda, the Holy One. Thought is the spectrum of the mind, it is that which analyzes the rays of truth, it is that which enlarges the vision of the mortal. Thought is the "optic tube," as Milton called Galileo's telescope. Thought is the optic tube which will re-assure the timid and re-inspire the down hearted, companion the alone and make the desert places bloom as a rose. Emerson says: "Light is the greatest of painters, for the foulest subject is made interesting if you throw sufficient light upon it."

In the same spirit we will say that Light is the greatest reformer. It is an old and twice-told tale that the introduction of gaslight in London dispelled some of the centers of vice, reclaimed some of the slum places.

There was a similar demonstration in New York City made perhaps by Jacob Riis to show that you simply had to punch holes in dark tenements, let in the light into pestilential chambers to bring not only health to the pallid cheek, but courage to the despondent will. You purify the city when you flood it with light.

You see I cannot keep the spiritual and the physical light apart. Our language is so psychologically true to experience that we use the words interchangeably. So you find me dropping into one out of the other quite unconsciously. This is right, it is light to the mind when it is light to the eye, and light to the eye does illumine the mind; so intertwined are the mysteries of the Divine.

In 1873 John Tyndall, the prophet of science, visited America and gave a course of lectures in many of our leading cities on Light, and I am indebted to the book containing those lectures for many of the facts that I have given you. In making that confession I am self-convicted of being behind the times, for no book is authority on light except the last book; the last word of science always throws the other books out of court. But John Tyndall went up and down the United States telling the fairy story of light, how first Newton and then he toyed with a soap bubble and by virtue of that bubble floating in the air, they found themselves delving more deeply into the mysteries of light and were able to put some new steps in that ladder which extends the vision of the mortal.

But John Tyndall, with his soap bubbles, closed his course of lectures in America with an appeal that is a pulpit appeal, it belongs in this sermon, and I can do no better than to give you the great words of that master of two realms, the realm of physics and the realm of psychics. His skill in interpretating the secrets of Nature was superior only to his skill in appealing to the human heart and kindling the conscience and firing the human ideals.

Said John Tyndall, before leaving the United States, addressing the United States as a whole:

"Your most difficult problem will not be to build institutions,"—farsighted as he was he could not have dreamed of the institutions that the United States have built between 1873 and this 1912. Our hospitals have been extended; our so-called institutions of learning wonderfully increased in number and size, many of them through the efforts of the children of the mole, with a keen sense for his quest, but no eye to guide him; finding his way under ground.

Little could John Tyndall have dreamed of the institutions that have grown since those lecture days, though he told us then: "Your most difficult problem will not be to build institutions, but to make men; not to form the body, but to find the spiritual embers which shall kindle within that body a living soul. You have scientific genius among you; not sown broadcast, believe me, but still scattered here and there." I imagine there was a twinkle in the eye of the speaker in the presence of those who were apt to think that we grew geniuses as easy as we grew Durham bulls. He says, "They are not sown broadcast, but still scattered here and there. Take all unnecessary impediments out of the way of genius. Keep your sympathetic eye upon the originator of knowledge. Give him the freedom necessary for his researches, not overloading him with the duties of tuition or of administration." The chores of learning he is thinking of, and the chores of religion I am thinking of when I read these words. "Not demanding from him so-called practical results—above all things, avoiding that question that ignorance so often addresses to genius. 'What is the use of work?' Let him make truth his object, however unpractical for the time being that truth may appear." You know the question so often asked by the dogmatist, "What is the good of it, what is the value of it?"

He says, "Let him make truth his object, however unpractical for the time being that Truth may appear. If you cast your bread thus upon the waters, O ye citizens of the United States,"—I hear him say, "then be assured that it will return to you, though it may be after many days."

Quicken, O Father, Thy children with the light that illumines, that strengthens, that sustains for evermore. Amen.

The New Morning of Religion

In the new morning of religion there is a willingness to learn from the great literature, the great art, the great lives of the past, but there is an unwillingness to let our knowledge stop with them. We must take the new knowledge of the universe, of man, and of God. In this new morning we recognize that the great spiritual affections, the essential certitudes of the inner world of the soul,—reverence, beauty, vision, humility, tenderness, faith, come as revelations in our religious life and experience. But our truths, our knowledge of general laws, our knowledge of the nature of God, and of the Unseen World, and our knowledge of a loving purpose in the vast scheme of things (if such can be found) must be the work of the human intellect.

In this new morning there is the admission that the poet, the mystic and the prophet may in their dreams come very near the truth, but we must not take their dreams for exact demonstrations or certitudes, or say that they possess gifts different in kind from those of all men.

In this new morning we part from those teachers who tell us that in the discovery of moral and spiritual truth, the intellect is superfluous, nay an impertinence. They say that religious feeling is a special organ for the finding of exact knowledge, can teach us about the composition of the universe, reveal to us a supreme intelligence at the heart of the universe, enshrined in a personal Being, and prove that the soul lives on after the crumbling of the brain.

In this new morning, to elevate our faith into infallible knowledge is made an immorality. Religion is a matter of the heart, of the will, and of the imagination. Truth, moral and spiritual, that can be tentatively expressed, is a matter of patient search and investigation, of science and philosophy. We are taught that it is a poor religion that must rest on dogma that the march of science has discredited (for example, that the Nazarene was a unique being and was sent of God to reveal infallible truth).

In the new morning we are taught the supreme importance of our religion, of our desires and prayers, but not to confuse them with knowledge. We may believe that God is a Being and that he has made the universe in sympathy with moral values, or we may

not be able to believe God is a Being, or that the universe is in sympathy with those feelings we think are good, but we are taught we need more truth, more light, and these must be the fruit of study and thought, of the intellect. Of course, in the new morning we are taught intellectual humility and sincerity, the pursuit of truth for its own sake, rather because its possession helps humanity. We are taught the common people must have better clothes, better foods, better fires, better homes, more equality and less brutality.

But we are taught the way to these things is through better, truer thoughts. We are shown that the revival of religion will come with truer thinking; that a great, new truth is like a clear sunshine, it illumes the distant hills, goldens the softly singing river, and hangs an enchantment of beauty over the common fields that lie all around us.

Jamestown, N. Y. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

"Burden Bearing"

The bearing of burdens involves the mechanical problem of adjustment. The arch will sustain enormous burdens because each supporting part helps all other parts. What are the burdens which need readjustment? There are the enforced burdens which circumstances place on our lives. Among these there is sickness. O, gaunt, grim, pale face and shrunken form! How we do yearn for the strong bodies which may daily express the useful purpose and worthy motive of the soul; the bodies of good health which would permit us to travel over land and sea and behold Nature's beauty!

Daily labor is an involuntary burden which presses heavily on us. O, dull, sordid routine holding us to the treadmill prescribed by habit and enforced by irksome need, how our vision is narrowed and opportunities stifled! How imagination loses its daring and ambition its zeal!

Injustice in its varied forms is another burden thrust upon us. The penalties of our own misdeeds—done in ignorance—are indeed oppressive, though they be the natural and logical consequence.

Heavier yet are the burdens which come to us through the wrongs of others, and, for which we are not at all responsible. Vicarious suffering is both real and common. The mother, in the tumult of the day and in the silence of the night, thinks of the wayward son. The soldier sacrifices his life through the mistakes of his commander. The prophet endures persecution for righteousness sake. The enforced burdens, at times, seem so unjust and so oppressive that joy and contentment, peace and cheer seem afar off and alien to our lot.

Yet there are heavier burdens which are assumed by our own free choice. Such are resultant of the exercise of the spirit of enterprise and fidelity. The desire to save the heathen through Foreign Missions, or to know the life of the slums and to share the experience of the unfortunates of society, imposes large and increasing burdens upon us. Many burdens thus assumed become so peculiarly identified with an individual that they cannot be transferred to another person. His shoulders are shaped to the yoke; the burdens are a part of his life; ambition, loyalty, pride, and love conspire to make it so, and without his chosen burden existence would become stale and profitless. Though he wear himself out and suffer breakdown, yet the moral qualities of character are bright and illuminating,—"Too good for this world?" His influence freshens and sweetens life's ideals and gives stamina and courage to others.

Experience changes our viewpoint and makes us welcome what we once sought to avoid.

According to an eastern legend, all the subjects of a certain king once brought their burdens to him and cast them down at his feet. They had before bitterly complained of the burdens which were so oppressive and they trusted that now a just redistribution would be made. So each person went away bearing a burden which some one else had borne before. It was not long, however, ere the people returned and asked to have the old burdens again, for they had learned by experience that the burdens of others are ofttimes heavier than they seem to be.

Our thought, brought to a focus, would insist that health, contentment, cheerfulness, are contagious. Sickness is the exception. Work, as a rule, is a blessing. The pressure of daily need develops reliability, prudence, forethought. Repression may be a necessary part of progress; discipline is an aid to onward movement.

On the walls of a certain Sunday School—dear to me—there is a picture of a worshipping disciple before Jesus, and a heavy cross is placed flat on the ground before them. The disciple had come to the Master complaining of the heavy and unsightly cross of wood. She was bidden to go forth once more in the service of the poor and weak—the least of the children of the world.

Later she returned and reverently placed at the Master's feet what seemed a cross made of flowers and choice roses.

It was put from her shoulders—not in despair or impatience—but quietly and easily, to show her esteem for the Quickener of life. The secret of the marvelous change is to be found in the new motive to conduct. The second time she had gone forth in the light of a high purpose—"inasmuch as ye serve the least of these, ye serve me!" She had borne the cross with a sense of loyalty to a person and not a mere doctrine; in his face she had seen the reflection of her own high hopes and pure aspirations.

So may the disciple see the beauty and know the experience of him who was so heavily burdened, so disappointed, so persecuted and yet could declare—"my yoke is easy and my burden is light." It is the transforming power of awakened spiritual perceptions.—*From a sermon by Rev. A. N. Foster.*

Death cannot keep me buried; when the dry
  Earth holds me close, a rose-bush at my head,
I shall not be content for long to lie
  Inactive in that dark and narrow bed.

For soon the sweet and restless things of life
  Shall stir me, pierce me, make me once again
Part of the vigor and the freshening strife
  Raised by the sunlight and the healing rain.

And when at length the pregnant seasons pass,
  Endowed with warm and splendid liberty,
I shall go forth in rich and sturdy grass;
  Shall scent the clover, call the thirsting bee.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

The Study Table

Book Notes

From the University of Chicago Press I have one of the most sterling volumes I have received for many years; The Biological Essays of Professor Loeb. The book is entitled "The Mechanistic Conception of Life," which is the title of the leading essay in the book. The other essays are of course scientific, and two or three of them are of value to thinking farmers. Especially they will find interest in the last essay which is an Experimental Study of the Influence of Environment on Animals. The volume as a whole I consider the ablest of this class of topics since E. D. Cope. They are popular in one sense, but they need a deal of thinking. Such a book has its chief value in compelling readers to think as they go. We have a superfluity of thinking done for us, and it is most of it slushy. The leading topic in this volume considers the riddle of life, and it may be said to class with Bastian's essays on the spontaneous origin of life, which we recently reviewed. The conclusion of this author is "that nothing indicates at present that the artificial production of living matter is beyond the possibilities of science." Antagonism to this view comes mainly from the necessity of sustaining the old barbarous notion of a creator "ab natura." This idea of a creator outside of Nature has now been pretty fairly disposed of by the doctrine of eternal evolution. If you are willing to work get this volume; if not, let it alone.

From Little, Brown & Company I have the Jacob Stahl books. The first one is entitled simply "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," by J. D. Beresford; and the next one is entitled "A Candidate for Truth." Just how Mr. Stahl is going to come out at the end of the series is not so sure. His early history is exceedingly well written out for him, and the books are far above the average of novels. I am, however, not quite sure as to how many people's lives we can fairly take any interest in. Having been pastor of a church for a good many years I have learned one lesson, not to take a very vivid and vigorous interest in the life story of most people. The trouble is not with lack of idiosyncracies, but with placing too much emphasis on insignificant nervous displays of character; and where these cross track each other in family life they should not be talked over and allowed to raise the devil. The duty of a pastor is to suppress and obliterate a large amount of the twaddle that constitutes what is called life. Teach your people to do their duty and shut up. The two words that express the most vital need of common life are those two, "shut up." We are overflowed with gabble, and now these biographical and autobiographical novels are threatening us with a deluge of stuff that goes neither here nor there, and comes out most anywhere. However, I am inclined to take considerable interest in Jacob Stahl, as I did in David Copperfield. "A Man's World," which I recently reviewed, is of the same sort.

From Henry Holt & Company I get another novel of this kind. I cannot quite say with the translator that this is the first great book of the 20th century, but it certainly is a very powerful book. It is the work of Romain Rolland, a French author, and is entitled "Jean-Christophe." I imagine that we are to have a great run of autobiographical novels.

I am in receipt of Tom L. Johnson's "My Story," edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. We certainly ought to take some interest in the two or three great forerunners of the reforms that are now running. We needed a colter to our ploughshare, and that word exactly describes Tom Johnson, a man of the people, brusquely democratic, unflinchible in his resolution; and here is his story. Everybody should read it. He was a man that could face newspaper persecution, which succeeded in killing every patriot that showed his head for forty years. Partisanship and patronage did the rest of the wicked work, and turned us over to the mercies of thieves and vagabonds. We were the subjects of saloon bosses. I know of no one but Henry George who saw quicker and saw clearer the need of reform and how to do it than Tom L. Johnson. It is all a simple matter. What are we after is not something complex, astute, and needing solons at every step. All we have to do is simply to do the right and prevent others from doing wrong. We need morals in politics and the Golden Rule everywhere; and we are going to have it. I wish I were eighteen instead of eighty to see more of the fight and the fruition.

E. P. Powell.

THE SILENT GREAT

We are not all the self we see;
  We are twined around with men
Who once performed this mortal dream
  And dream in us again.

We are bundles of the great and good,
  The wanderer, the slave;
We are thewed with ancient hardihood,
  We are garlands of the brave:

Our moods are racial ardors, woes;
  Our prides, primeval fame
Transformed into the wind that blows
  On an emotion's flame:

Our moments, bright or sad, are parts
  Whereto some old ship brings
A smile, a sigh, from sylvan courts
  Of prehistoric kings.

The Silent Great immense demesnes
  In every man enjoy:
Here, Homer dowers our stolid brains
  With memories of Troy:

There deft Da Vinci so trepannes
  Another, London-blurred,
What Florence would forbid, he bans,
  He thrills where she was stirred:

'Tis not wan memories we face
  When they their parts enact:
They fit the modern time and place
  Their ancient thought or fact:

They readjust the Good, the True,
  To lights obscurer then.
They lead us to their point of view—
  Not memories, but men.

—Bernard O'Dowd, in the Twentieth Century Magazine.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO.

The course of sermons which Jenkin Lloyd Jones is delivering in All Souls Church on "The Elemental Things in the World of Mind and Matter." Light, Water, Dust, Air are being printed in the pages of Unity. October 25th, the pulpit will be occupied by Wm. C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., and on November 10 the Baroness Von Cuttner will speak.

VOCATIONAL WORKER.

Miss Bertha Van Hove, under the joint support of the Woman's Club and the Abraham Lincoln Centre, makes the following report for two weeks' work in September: Twenty-six calls; interviewed twenty-seven employers; visited three High School principals; spent eight half days in court supervising the granting of working certificates; spent one day in office of School of Civics, six applicants for work, one was ill and could not take work offered; two want better jobs; work found for four and they were induced to go to Industrial classes. Miss Van Hove is in residence in the Lincoln Centre and will be glad of any cooperation by the men and women who read this notice.

RILEY

It is a greater thing perhaps than is realized that the schools of Indiana should have a Riley week—special exercises to renew acquaintance and open inspiration to young minds for the great lesson of humanity that Riley's pages unfold. That he should be of us, Hoosier born and bred, is, of course, a thing for great pride, and as well do we wear it. But it is a greater thing that in common with his day and generation we recognize the revelation of the tender springs of feeling that run abroad, hidden among the common, every-day things as small streams of the forest are covered with leaves. Without a Riley we had passed these fruitful sources of life, unseeing and unthinking. It is his special assurance of fame that he discerned these hidden streams, showed them flowing silently and unknown till then, fructifying the whole land of emotion and kindly impulse whence comes so much that makes and mellows human nature. Who knew the glories of being "knee deep in June" or found in the "old swimmin' hole" a spring like that which quenched the thirst of the gods of fable until Riley sang of them?

In this Riley is like Burns. Like in kind, but lesser in degree, for one thing, because Burns came first. Burns was the first man in Europe to pierce the shell of rank and cast, and reveal the man, like the gold beneath the guinea's stamp. He did this work for all time. So Riley could not chant this great hymn of humanity. But he went further in the same way, and piercing the husks of everyday humanity, showed the warm heart that heat beneath the surface. Like Burns, too, Riley is provincial. Burns was Scotch, Riley is of the Middle West, with Indiana at his heart, a Hoosier of Hoosierland, interpreting the region. As Burns, the Scotchman, drew from Scotland, and drew because he was in and of his province, so Riley has drawn from the heart of the West. Both touch the universal emotion that leaps over provincial and national boundaries because they first found the emotion in a guise that they knew, and where, but for them, it had lain unknown.

And their song is alike. If to Burns it was given, by the chance of time, to sing the great heart of humanity to the confusion of rank and castes, to Riley it was given to reveal this same heart not crushed by social laws —for Burns had done his work—but covered by the grime of the work-a-day world, hidden under the guise of homely things and forgotten amid the glare and brilliance which a great material prosperity had shed. The world has never been the same since Burns; could not be. Man as he is now lives in it. It has not been the same since Riley has recalled the wandering lust of the erring heart after the glitter of gold and glittering things that are not gold. He has shown it beating, true and steady, just where Burns found it, beneath the homespun and in the field and in the orchard. He has sung the sanctity of simple things

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again: recalled us to the true well-spring of being. When we had traveled fast and far in breathless pursuit of material greatness he gave us rest with his magic thought that like a mirror reflected the true riches that lay all around us in the neglected things of our daily life at its lowest. So he has pointed to us in the witching words of the poet the true righteousness that exalts. Longfellow prophesied of him:

Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;
Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

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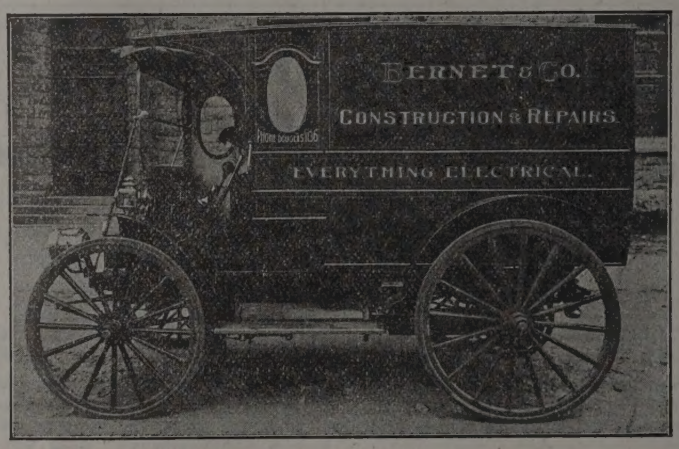

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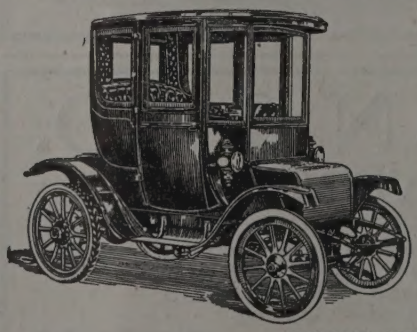

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